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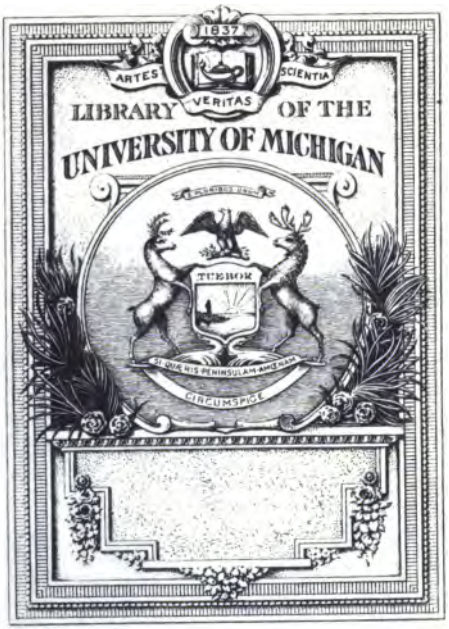

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A

LETTER

TO THE

FREE CITIZENS

OF THE

CITY of *DUBLIN.*

By JAMES FORDE, Grazier.

DUBLIN:

Printed by T. KNOWLES, in *Eſſex-ſtreet.*
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The GRAZIER's Occaſional LETTER.

IT is the Saying of an ancient Sage, my Friends, that could the *celeſtial* Form of *VIRTUE* be ſo far materialized, that we could ſee her with our Eyes, the whole World would be forced to love her; for which Reaſon, when any Irradiation of her Charms beams in the Breaſts of Men, as by that Means ſhe becomes, in ſome Meaſure, ſubjected to our Senſes, ſhe claims the ſame Reſpect, Love, and Adoration. *Birth* may prejudice, *Riches* may corrupt, *Pomp* may dazzle, but it is *Virtue* alone that forces that willing Homage of the Mind, which we pay becauſe we owe, which we love becauſe it is amiable. But, let me obſerve to you, my Friends, that this is not ſuch a Love as the Love of *Women*, the Love of *Honour*, the Love of *Riches*; it is a Love, which, as *PLATO* ſays, deſcends from the Gods, filling our Souls with noble Ideas, and raiſing the Lover to that divine Eſſence of the Perfection it adores.

If we look into the Nature of *Virtue*, we will ſee it take a two-fold Diviſion, like the *Pythagoric* Letter Y; one, which is the narrower, comprehends the domeſtick Ties, the Virtues, that relate to our own Bodies, and to our Family; the other, taking a wider Compaſs, embraces not only ourſelves, but our Brethren; our Kindred, but our Country; the

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the latter, as it is more extensive, ought to be most admired; as most admired ought to be most practised.

In my Last *, my Brethren, I let you into the Nature of the Body Politic; the Analogy it bears to the Natural; the Offices, and Boundaries, of its several Parts; and, from thence, deduced the several Duties which bind you all as Members of one Body, Fellows of one Society: And is there a more endearing Tie than all the sweet Relations, comprehended in that most expressive Word, our *Country!* Do we love Honour? Nothing is more glorious. Do we love our Friends? Our Country has them in her Bosom. Are we brave? Here is a Cause to fight for. Would we run? Here is the noblest Prize: Here are Incentives to fire the Blood, to animate the Mind, and raise the languid Powers of the Soul. Shall we not contend for this? We have the Glory of our Ancestors to preserve; our own Liberty to support; and a glorious Example to leave to Posterity! Yet, with the deepest Grief I must say it, these Incentives, all noble as they are, prove too feeble to rouze some Men: They are in a State of Dejection, and they care not to rise; they are blind, and they wish not to feel the Sun; and, oh Heavens! they are *Slaves*, and they desire not to be free: They hug their Chains, and say, Are they not Ornaments? we will not throw them off, lest we should hear no more the Musick of their Gingling.

But yet I have the Satisfaction to say, some of you begin to shake off your *Lethargy*; the Voice of *Liberty*

* This was intended to have been my Fourth Letter: But a Neighbour of mine, zealous in the Cause in which I am engaged, having got a rough Manuscript of the Three Former; I am inform'd, since my Arrival in this City, *He* has publish'd them under his own *Appellation*. He has, likewise, added a Fourth (which I have seen); but by the Diction, Puerilities, *&c.* any Person may perceive it is not wrote by the same Hand.

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Liberty begins to be heard in your Streets; Power begins to tremble; and Pride to let fall her ſupercilious Brow; and Candour, Truth, with theirs and (Heaven's) beauteous Offspring, Freedom, leads their joyful Choir, where before ſtalk'd the haggard Fiends of Corruption, Inſolence, and Tyranny. Are we not aſſured that theſe are Bleſſings? Who is ſo dull as not to feel, ſo much a Coward as not to dare ſay this? Is there any ſuch amongſt you, my Brethren? If there be, let him ſtand forth; let him ſhew his Face to the Light; let him ſeparate himſelf from among you; ſince he loves not the Cauſe of Freedom, let him not taſte its Bleſſings.

I ſaid, my Friends, that this is, perhaps, the moſt intricate Period that has been ſeen ſince the happy Revolution; and why, let it now be my Buſineſs to ſhew; yours, to attend. Here are two Seats, by the particular Bleſſing of Providence, *vacant* in Parliament; and, to fill theſe, four principal Men have propoſed themſelves, but, of Intereſts, as oppoſite as Heaven from *Hell*, as Light from Darkneſs; and as their Views are oppoſite, ſo are the Means they uſe to accompliſh them. Thoſe, on one Side, are Men in Power; a Power you have, my Friends, felt; of which you bitterly complain. Thoſe, on the other, are Men who would pluck down that Power, and whoſe Endeavours you are ſatisfy'd of. The former (the Men in Power) uſe Perſuaſion, Intereſt, Influence, and Bribery, to compleat their Deſigns; the latter, your own Reaſon, Memory of paſt Services, and Hopes of future Freedom. Now, which will you chooſe? Are you reſolved, by your own Voice, to rivet your Fetters; or, by your own Voice, to be free? Each ſolely depends on yourſelves; no other interferes; all the Ties of Honour and Juſtice, Safety and Prudence, cry aloud for your ſpeedy Determination; every Eye, with Eagerneſs, attends

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tends it; the World expects it; and future Generations ſtand now, or fall by your Voice! When one of you, Brethren, conſiders all that depends on his Vote, the future Happineſs or Miſery, the Freedom or Slavery of his Country, is to be determin'd by it, will he not ſhake, as on the Brink of ſome dangerous Precipice, when he ſees, on either Side, ſuch Alternatives? Will he not deteſt the Thoughts of thoſe who woo'd influence him againſt his Conſcience? Will he not ſay to his Landlord, "Keep afar from me;" and to his Cuſtomer, "Think not to buy my Integrity:" He will ſtand firm in the Armour of *Virtue*, among the foremoſt Ranks of *Honour*, in the noble Cauſe of *Patriotiſm*, and bid a bold Defiance to Tyranny, Corruption, and Power!

There are thoſe, *Citizens*, who ſay, You bear no Place, no Name, or a very deſpicable one in the *Body Politick*, and, therefore, that your Conduct is of little Signification to the Welfare of the whole. But it is not the Nobleneſs, but the Uſefulneſs, of the Parts that are to be conſider'd; the *King* is the *Head*; the *Parliament* the *Bowels*, great and ſmall; the *Hands* may be conſider'd as the *military Force*; You, my Friends, have a low, but uſeful, Place in it, a moſt neceſſary one; you are the *Podex* of the Body *Politick*, and (as in the *natural*) the whole Frame reſts on it. An Affront offer'd it is offer'd to the whole; on it depends the *Purgation* of the Body *Politick* from all *Corruptions*; that, my Friends, is your indiſpenſible Duty. Another Reſemblance I find between thoſe Parts of the Natural and Political Bodies, is, that, in both, they are puniſh'd for the Faults of the other Members:

Quicquid delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi.

When th' *Head* offends, the *Podex* feels the Smart.

Ignorant

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